

Monroe City Democrat.

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IN REGULAR MEETING

The P. E. O. Sisterhood Celebrates Washington's Birthday.

Tingle-ling, the phone bell rings. You are invited to the P. E. O. meeting at Mrs. I. W. Read's at 4 o'clock this—Saturday—afternoon, and anticipating a glimpse of heaven, the bachelor donned cap and coat and was soon there.

Tingle-ling, he rings the door bell in fear and trembling, for 10 to 1 wasn't in it with what he had to face, for there was fifty ladies behind that portal. The hostess opened the door and for a half instant the pencil pusher thought that Martha Washington's ghost was before him, but the cheery voice and welcome hand extended dissipated that idea. She was gowned like Martha, hair dressed and powdered like Martha's and the twinkle in her eyes was what kept us from a stampede.

Upon entering the parlors we found many of the Mesdames and Mademoiselles gowned like Martha, and hair dressed and powdered to represent the style in which hers was worn. The sight was a beautiful one, one like one would meet in an old fashioned portrait gallery, one that pleased the eye and warmed the heart towards his boyhood U. S. history.

Even the inevitable cherry tree with ripe cherries hanging from its branches and the hatchet lay at its roots, but no George to wield it.

The rooms were prettily decorated with "old timey" things from the first part of the past century. For instance among the numerous heirlooms we noticed a linen sheet made by Mrs. M. A. Owen, the grandmother of Mrs. Dora Hallock, 80 years ago; she spun the flax and wove the cloth. Then there was a salter 100 years old. A copy of the Youth's Companion dated Jan. 15, 1850. A metal spectacle case over 100 years old. A copy of the Ulster County Gazette in mourning and containing the account of the death of George Washington. It also contained an advertisement of the sale of a saw mill and sprightly wench. There also was a copy of the Boston Gazette of date March 12, 1770. The old spinning wheel was there. A lovely sampler owned by Miss Pearl Balliet and worked by Mrs. Owen's great grandmother in 1797. There were two old bibles that a school child today could not read on account of the peculiar formation of the letters. The date of one was 1740 and the other 1560.

There was old silver, old china, lard oil lamps, silver snuffers etc. Really it would have put Dickens Curiosity Shop to the blush for its poverty of interesting contents.

If anything will ever tempt us to want to be a woman, it will be the wish to become a P. E. O., for there you find a wealth of the milk-of-human kindness, of wit, of similes, culture and an innate refinement that goes deeper than a thin veneering that hides a sham beneath it.

We write the words too late

because we were too late to enjoy the following:

LITERARY PROGRAM.

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

A Paper Days of the Spinning Wheel. Mrs. Venie Clark. Piano Solo Mrs. Pearl Williamson "Mars Chaus" from "In the Virginia." Miss Maud Wine. Vocal Solo Miss Mae Ely. A Reading Mrs. Mattie Scott. Piano Solo Miss Bertha Jaeger. Reading Mattie Johnson. Piano Solo Miss Eleanor Scott.

But not too late—"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—to enjoy and do full justice—we ate everything they gave us—to the delightful luncheon served to all. And there was "narry" a fork in sight.

As each P. E. O. and guest entered the dining room a slip of paper with writing upon it, was handed them. Upon ours, we found, "With Courage and Skill," and it struck us this way: It would take a skillful man to get in there and a courageous one to remain.

May each and all of those ladies live to celebrate many such occasions.

Good Money.

A few turkeys and old hens may be looked upon as small things, and yet if the market is right they run into money fast. Monday Maurice Redman concluded to sell a pair of turkeys and four old hens. The turkeys brought him \$5.00 and the hens \$2.25 or \$7.85 for the bunch.

More Spelling.

Prof. O. W. Colgate, of the Stone School house, has taken to the practical proposition of spelling from a newspaper. He caught the idea from the DEMOCRAT and lining up his pupils used the paper instead of the "blue speller" and after taking the words as they came in the paper and going through two pages of it, had five scholars still in line. He would have finished the paper or the scholars, but want of time stopped the test.

An Eye Opener.

Monroe City is a real eye-opener to the Parisites and it is amusing sometimes to watch them perform. Several of them were in the city Saturday taking in the sights and talking polly-tics. Finally the crowds of people attracted the attention of one of them and he asked, "what's going on n town to day?" And when the pencil pusher told him, nothing unusual and that the crowds on the streets were frequently twice as great, he marveled at it.

Hickory Grove School.

The patrons of the Hickory Grove school never tire of singing the praise of Miss Myra Lewis, who has just closed a successful and satisfactory term of school there.

That school, like many others has learned the need of a library and is taking the true and independent way of raising funds to establish one. Last Friday evening it gave a very creditable entertainment to that end at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Carr. As a social function it was great, as a fund raiser it was a success as the receipts, \$13.00, show.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Past, Present and Future Doings that may be of Interest to You.

Mrs. Roy Moore, of Stoughtonville, has been the guest of her friend Mrs. W. G. Caldwell.

Victor Ely, who is attending Central College at Fayette, spent part of part of the week at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAttee, of Hunnewell, have been the guests of their friends W. G. Caldwell and wife.

Claude Henderson spent the latter part of last week with his sister Miss Kate, who is attending school at Fulton.

We understand that H. I. Lear is converting his new farm west of him into a hog ranch. He is stocking up from the Teddy Burns' ranch.

Hon. W. T. Ragland and family are moving this week to the residence property cor. N. Main and Fourth Sts., vacated by J. Bailey Jackson.

Col. Will T. Youell reports the Overfelt sale near Madison, as being a good one. Yearling mules brought from \$75 to \$100, horses from \$115 to \$150 and cattle sold high.

Miss Nellie Landers, one of the students of Centenary College, came up Friday to visit the homefolks. Her interesting friends, Misses Bertha Seitz and Katie Porter accompanied her.

Chris Jackson, of Ralls County, has sold his interest in his father's farm, 67 acres of land in Marion County in section 3, township 50, range 8, to his brother, J. Bailey Jackson, for \$2,600. It joins Bailey's farm.

Fire Chief Wilson had the engine out Saturday afternoon filling the fire wells with water. He always looks after the interest of his department and keeps things in readiness for any emergency.

Ivan Smith has returned from Hunter, Oklahoma, where he has spent several months. He says: "I will be here for some time." Do you know what that means when said by people who have strayed away from Monroe and returned?

A. H. Green has been quite a sufferer during the past week. While running to catch a train at Clarence last week, a pain below the knee stopped him and he thought he had been struck by something, but to his surprise he learned that it was a bursted blood vessel just below the knee. A week's rest was thought would put him on his feet in good shape again.

Byron's Baby.

The Hunnewell Graphic has a new editor. One that will pie the sticks, shoot the quads, mix the furniture, get into the hell box, pull the devil's tail, chew the mutton quads, sit on the forms, upset the astonished, wipe on the towel and flirt with the galley slave. She is a 9 pounder. Good luck to Byron.

Alex Is Gallant.

There is no discount on Alex Grady, for he is as gallant with the ladies as the best of 'em. Monday, when just east of the city near the S. North farm he spied two ladies approaching

him in the road. One of them was trundling a baby buggy with an interesting kid in it. All at once they stopped in dismay as well they might, for both buggy and kid was stuck fast in the mud. Regardless of the high polish on his shoes he sprang like a knight errant of old might have done to their assistance, and made them all happy by landing the buggy and kid high and dry. That is one feather in Alex's cap.

Spelling Matches.

The members of the Methodist and Christian Churches of Shelbyville have had a spelling match and the Methodist won the prize, a tin medal. Now the Baptist have challenged the winners—Methodist—for a try at that medal. When they get through we would suggest that they come down here and take a few lessons from the Carrollville or Stone School spellers.

Ely.

Little Russell S. son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ely, folded his innocent baby hands Thursday morning and passed between the gates that swing between forever and never more. His life was but a short span, having been born Sept. 28, 1899. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. B. Briney at the Christian church at 3 p. m. Friday. There is a balm in Gilead.

Fancy Illustrations.

The Breeders Gazette is a good stock journal but it looks like all other journals east of the river, an advertising medium for Kansas, Nebraska and Illinois lands. The illustrations, good ones, are of fields, feed pens, barns and stock in those sections. "Snap shots" at the J. M. Proctor & Sons farm, barns, stock and residence would be just as fine and interesting. Ditto the J. O. Wood & Son place southeast of the city or Wilson Bros. or at E. S. Hamptons, or at the Elzea's, or W. G. Bangers, north of the city, or Hon. W. S. McClintics, northwest or J. H. McClintics, west or at the Buckman farms southwest where world beating mules by the hundred and fancy high priced horses by the dozens can be found. In fact, go any direction from the city and the scenes in the Gazette can be duplicated are bettered.

Will You Make it.

To a large extent a country paper is a news exchange. When you take the trouble to give the editor a bit of news he is not only grateful, but in putting it in the paper you have probably done some reader of the paper a favor or furnished him or her with something of interest. Have you ever stopped to think, you have many friends and acquaintances in other neighborhoods or possibly out of the state who want to hear a thing that may appear of little importance to you, but to them it would be important? And you, if far away from the old home, are in the same position, there are friends here who would like to know if you prosper, if there are new additions to the family etc. A good paper aids largely in making a good town or country. Will you assist it in being a better one? Think it over.

OODLES OF BUTTER

By the Champion Butter Maker of This Community.

We now partially understand why and how Missouri swept the butter premiums at the Pan-American Ex. at Buffalo, and understand why even Missourians do not half way appreciate their Grand Old State. It is because when it comes to its fertility, its productiveness, its possibilities and possibilities we are ignorant of and have no appreciation of it.

Here is one little sample. J. A. Bixler lives on the prairie 2 miles east and 1/2 mile north of this city on a small farm, small as farms go near this city and is looked upon as a butter man and yet even his customers have no idea of what he is doing.

Saturday the pencil pusher "got next" to him and opened up on butter. There we found him at home and was surprised to learn the extent of his butter making. He uses a separator. Last year was the Drouth Year, but in spite of that fact J. A. Bixler did not "lay down" nor did his ten (10) cows go dry, for he made the best out of the situation he could and that means he made twenty-four hundred (2,400) pounds of good rich, sweet butter, butter that is so fine that it does not go begging on the market, but is taken by regular customers—consumers—the year round at a stipulated price.

This year he will add two more cows to his herd and expects to make three thousand (3,000) pounds. Mr. Bixler also raises a large quantity of strawberries and other small fruits which brings him several hundred \$8 each year.

Road District No. 4.

All parties interested in Road District No. 4 will meet at the DEMOCRAT office Saturday March 1st at 2:30 p. m. The meeting is for the purpose of deciding what is best for the district. The latch string at the DEMOCRAT office always hangs out, so the farmers may use the office when they choose. They are always welcome.

Shipped Hounds.

Month by month the fame of the V. C. Spalding (Norris) kennel of fox hounds has spread among sportsmen all over the country. Saturday he shipped four to Dr. E. D. Hopkins, of Prairie City, Iowa. Mr. Spalding has also shipped dogs to Texas, Kentucky, Ohio and New York, where they frequently win first in field trials.

By-Bye.

W. Verdner Carson has gone to Waterloo, Iowa, to take charge of his duties in a large mercantile house. He will have charge of the dress goods department. Mr. Carson will be missed in social and church circles here, for he has spent almost his entire life here and had become popular and was almost looked upon as a fixture, but the wheels of life have decreed otherwise. He has a thorough business training which will stand him in hand now that he has gone out into world. We wish him the success that he deserves.